

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

a p r i l 2 0 2 2

MOONEY-SINGH
JULIESSE
WRITER
RUST
BLUE
BOCCACCIO
MESMERISER
TOBASCO
SUPER GECKO

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- **Give Up on Your Dreams** Jullianna Juliesse finds that it's time to put aside certain goals that may be unattainable.

About the Cover: This month's cover depicts Pope Urban II exhorting his crusaders in the 11th century. Art Blue believes that Pope Francis might use the Vatican's bully pulpit to bring an end to the carnage in Ukraine. If only it could happen.



Why the Pope Has to C

art blue

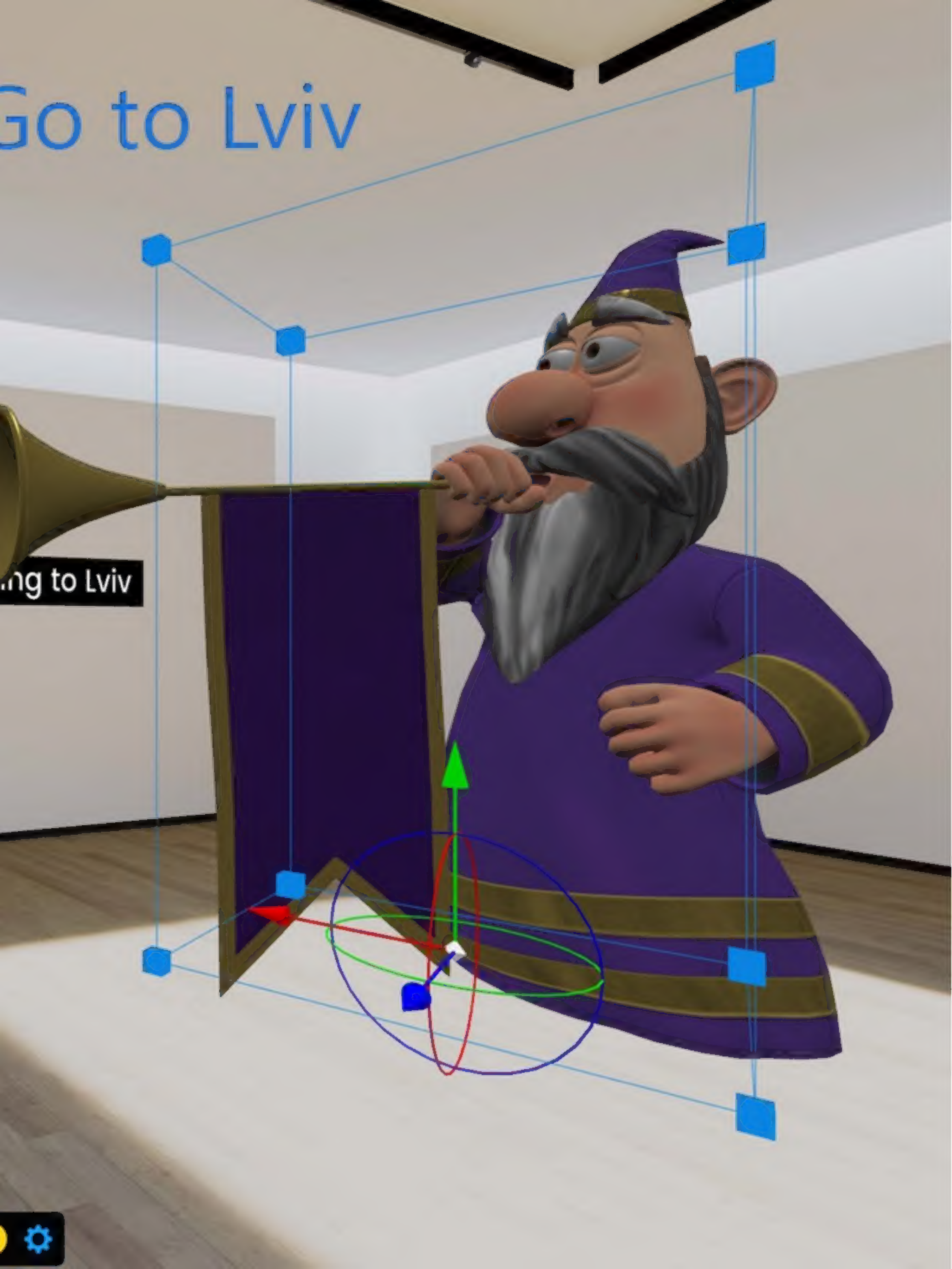


by Brandon Morales
 on Unsplash

We are go

Go to Lviv

ing to Lviv



It is not a why. It is a when. I'll tell you soon why. But first things first.

On March 15, Relay For Ukraine linked an art event that happened one day earlier in the Metaverse to reality: "Mateusz Morawiecki, Petr Fiala and Janez Janša will meet The Servant of the People, Volodymyr Zelenskyy, in Kyiv to look inside Putin's head. A bit late? Yeah, one day after we travelled to Lviv and did it – The Look. But they are now risking their lives by sitting in a train. We just risked it to be called absurd. But that's the fate of Art, right?"

Maybe not all the names ring a bell. Mateusz Morawiecki is the Prime Minister of Poland, Petr Fiala is the Prime Minister of the Czech Republic and Janez Janša is the Prime Minister of Slovenia. The Servant of the People you know, everyone knows, since *This Boy Is Electric* went viral. Three leaders of the Western world showed bravery, created a symbol for all who hesitate, for all who are cowards. Art is a coward. I shall patent this as a paradoxical intervention instead of permanently copying the words of Kyriakos Papadopoulos, "Art is mainly a political act."

Art is a Coward

On March 22nd, I missed showing

bravery and took instead a quite risk-free mission. I let the audience travel to Lviv. I presented at the Virtual Worlds Best Practices in Education Conference VWBPE 2022 a trip to Lviv. Lviv is the main city in the western part of Ukraine. It is a world cultural heritage site and protected by Unesco. We



visited a brewery there, we had fun, fun I am happy to share. Google for Lvivarnya, the beer museum at Lviv. Enjoy the pictures you will find. I really wonder why some visitors did not get the beauty of this event. I said it. Lviv is protected by Unesco. I shall copy one of the postings that have been

made on Facebook. Quite shocking to read the words by Lucia Bartolotti:

“Art Blue took our avatars up and into a number of installations all connected to the Ukrainian town LVIV (Leopoli in Italian), created by a number of artists. It was weird to be taken along



and listen to the description of some symbols of the cultural heritage of Lviv, hearing at the same time the whistles and thuds of bombs falling in the background. And I am painfully aware that I can lightly use the word "weird" while somebody else is experiencing the real thing in their

body and flesh, alas!!!”

Maybe the stages that we passed before we got our beer have been too heavy to digest? We went into the past of Lviv, to the time when the city was called Lemberg. We visited the stone named Ten-tons of Suffering that Alexander Schwartz placed in the year 1993. He said: "No one will have the insolence to blow up the ten-ton stone." Schwartz was the last World War II survivor of the concentration camp in Lviv. The stone was created by Venus Adored for the Metaverse, so it was a virtual one and it had a reflecting liquid surface.

<https://holocaust.projects.history.ucsb.edu/Resources/JanowskaSurvivor047.htm>

But virtuality has side effects. When lifting up to the next station, the ten-ton stone exploded in a beam of light and a message incoming from outer space was heard. It reached Lviv from the deep space cruiser Event Horizon. Lucia Bartolotti might have understood the words aired: “liberate tuteme ex inferis.” She is a language teacher and I guess she speaks Latin. All the others might have found it less disturbing that the voice of the devil reached earth right in the moment when the audience got to the place where 35 red stones were put on a flower bed under a green and a blue tree. This station was a reminiscence to the bombing that

happened on March 14 close to Lviv and took the life of 35 Ukrainians.

I was asked by the organizers of the VWBPE conference how I could predict these happenings. They used other words. They said that I must have worked day and night to get this theatrical play to run on such short notice. How to insert Ukraine into an educational conference that is about interactive immersion, about teaching the world how to use the Meta? The proposal was sent in over three months ago and the board must have wondered about the title “We are going to Lviv / Lemberg.” Hand on heart, have you heard of this city before the war started? Why Art Blue wants to go to Lviv? There was peace on Earth, mostly we have to add.

No Owl

Most readers know that when I have no other way to tell you that I am superior and the greatest artist of all time then I let my owl do the magic. It is not so difficult if you have a background in informatics, politics and the arts to predict the future. On top of that you must love simulation and SciFi. So, whenever I need state of proof, I bring my owl in so a higher intelligence can backfire to me. But for a real board I can't say that my artificial intelligence told me and point to the owl sitting on my shoulder. I said, “In the year 2025,

we will have an anniversary in Ukraine. In 1925, the Russian astronomer Grigory Shajn discovered an asteroid in the outer belt and gifted it to the Ukrainian people naming it UKRAINA. UKRAINA will become a habitat for the arts. In the upcoming LVIV Art 2025 Biennale, every artist will get a copy of this asteroid and can place artworks inside. These pieces of art will then be conserved in a time capsule. I spoke with Zuck for possible ways to transfer. That will be my new project in the Meta and it will extend to an Art Refuge.”

That I also spoke with Mons. Edgar Legate from the Secret Service of the Vatican, I skipped. TMI, you know. Too Much Information is a killer.

When you have read *The Sand Bible* (who has not?) then you know that the Holy See has to be included when it comes to quantum technology. I aired a short story in the play and presented an alien holding a model of 1709 UKRAINA. That is the official full name of the asteroid. 1709 UKRAINA is about 8 km long and looks a bit like an aubergine or a shortened cucumber.

I asked Elon Musk to hollow the asteroid out. All it needs is a swarm of his Optimus Primus robots to ship. And when being on the way, he could also test the VASIMR rocket engine he is working on. You see my message

gets political. Hurry up, Elon! My asking gets also computational. Kaspersky will no longer be accepted as the security provider. Once they said that computing in Russia is as good as car making in Germany. I was

therefore can compete in our modern world with threats of all kind. Regular readers of *rez Magazine* know that's Santa Alleanza. And that's where Mons. Edgar Legate steps in. I contacted him and spoke with him

When you have read The Sand Bible (who has not?) then you know that the Holy See has to be included when it comes to quantum technology.

impressed. They added that Germany is in computing as good as the Russians in manufacturing cars. In the light of the actual, now that's not a compliment. We daily see that their tanks become defunct just from waiting. In case you don't know what Kaspersky stands for, then take it that they can compete with Hiro Deliverator when it comes to pizza delivery, but in their case, it is the coding of viruses, hoaxes, fakxes and until recently also defending them. A coder at Kaspersky Lab must have a Master degree in Quantum Informatics to work there. Now, the 4,000 Kaspersky employees in Moscow are under state control. For all of this, you need no owl.

Quantum Must Flow

There is only one institution where Quantum is the daily bread and

about the historic responsibility, about faith, trust and the inevitable. I showed him an animation Sun Tzu (aka David Fliesen) created. It carries the speech of President Volodymyr Zelenskyy, given on March 16 to the U.S. Congress, the bullet proof version, the message of Art.

<https://youtu.be/IdNmxHeb0Ss>

I said to Mons. Edgar Legate that Hitler could not be stopped by Art, because Art is a coward. You know Sun Tzu (*The Art of War*) was a writer. Writers do need makers, need leaders. In *The Art of War*, it is stated that if you don't have the weapons ready and in hand you have to hide and set up a plan to build them before you attack. Edgar said, "But what if you are coward? A coward stays a coward."

I said, "The Quantum must flow." His

eyes widened. I am not sure if he understood it all, right in this moment. Today, I am sure he did. He has the advantage of the OMV9, which stands for the God Machine OMNIVAC 9000J, the quantum processor network that the Secret Service of the Vatican

all of the past sins of those who would fight to reclaim the holy land. I said, "All that Pope Francis has to do is to fly to Poland and to define Ukraine as holy land." Monsignore Legate said, "And to go to Lviv, which is so close to the border that His Holiness could



uses. You don't have such a machine, you need to believe that the mission is right.

So, step by step: In 1095, Pope Urban II called for the 1st crusade and promised forgiveness and pardon for

be carried on a sedan chair." That's quantum logic.

Message understood. We are going to Lviv. We follow the Pope.

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A 145-page, richly-illustrated eBook of poems, audio recordings & original video poems with insider perspectives on Indian cultural practices, such as fertility rites and tantric sex. Each poetic composition has a related companion prose piece designed to add resonance and as a homage to the Indian cultural milieu from which these works have taken birth. Written, designed & produced by the author.

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Love Knot Tantra

Chris Mooney-Singh



Visit Chris Mooney-Singh's website here:

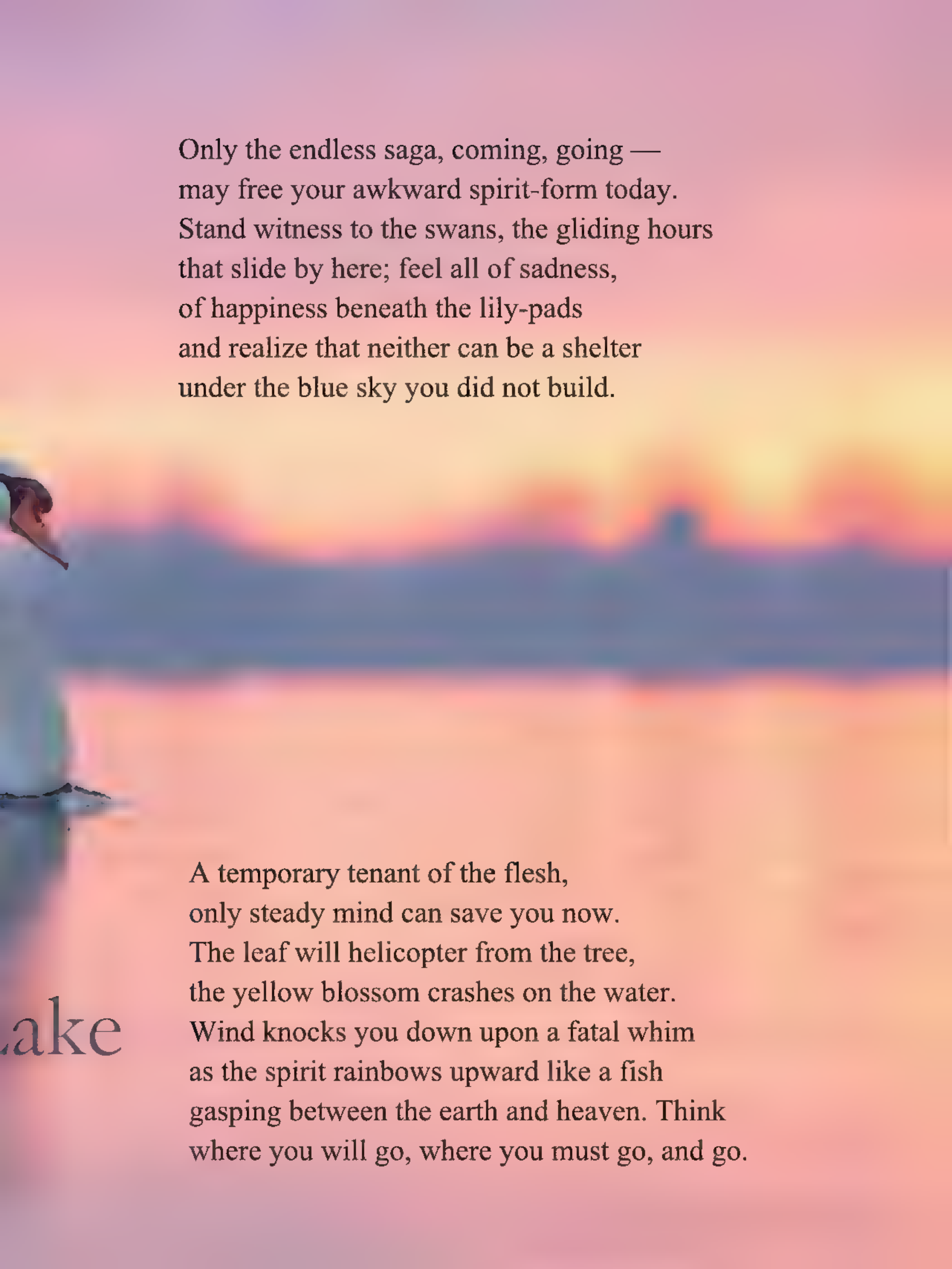
(<https://linktr.ee/chrismooneysingh>)

Accept you have no inkling of the power
that walks upon the dragonfly water.
Siberian geese each season migrate here,
yet bird and lake exist beyond your will.
You comprehend so little of this, truly.
Brother of fish, brother of water-lotus
when will you frog-kick out toward the truth?



A Meditation at Sukhna Lake

Chris Mooney-Singh



Only the endless saga, coming, going —
may free your awkward spirit-form today.
Stand witness to the swans, the gliding hours
that slide by here; feel all of sadness,
of happiness beneath the lily-pads
and realize that neither can be a shelter
under the blue sky you did not build.

A temporary tenant of the flesh,
only steady mind can save you now.
The leaf will helicopter from the tree,
the yellow blossom crashes on the water.
Wind knocks you down upon a fatal whim
as the spirit rainbows upward like a fish
gasping between the earth and heaven. Think
where you will go, where you must go, and go.

ake

UKRAINE

A Love Poem



My friend,
If it were up to me
I would come -
Hold you tight -

If it were in me to come,
I'd speak peaceful words,
Embolden hearts.

My friend,
I worry I will lose you.
Moreover, I may never know
Where your heart lay -
In the ground in subservience
A thousand miles away.

I wish I was brave -
I wish peace was more powerful than
war.
I wish fears laid in gutters,
Not innocent hearts.

My friend, what I am trying to say
Is your bravery I cannot grasp.
Your dedication to family greater
Than words of faith.

Truth is fallacy -
An unfathomable reckoning.

My friend, what I am trying to say
Is I love you.
I wish I could take your place -
Dispel any fear.

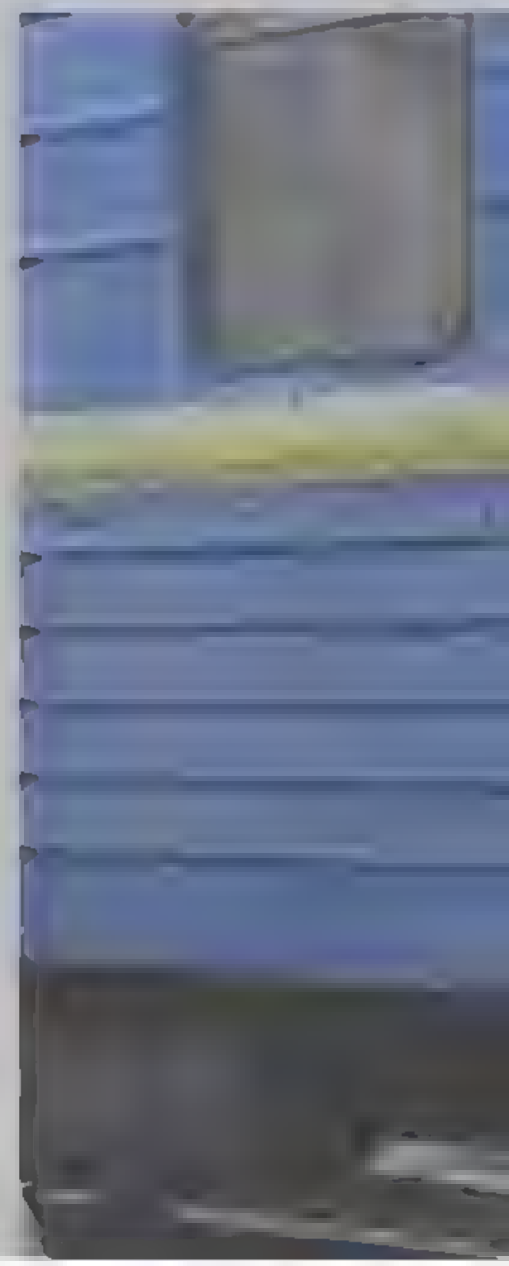
My friend, what I am trying to say
Is I love you,
But emotions sway my focus,
Broaden it to all you must feel,
Without knowing your heart,
As you know your own.

My friend, what I
Is I love you.

By Shyl

(AKA KriJon F)

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am trying to say

a the Super Gecko

Resident in Second Life)

ights Reserved.



SNAPDRAGONS



CATBOCCACCIO

After coming home from a visit to the doctor, I approached my front door, key in hand, and noticed that my neighbour's dog was peeing on my rhododendrons. He stopped, lowered his leg, and gazed at me mournfully. He was always escaping from my neighbour's yard, and always came to pee on my plants when he did.

I entered the house. It felt cold, and I heard voices. Who else had the key to the house? Only my son, who now lived in Hamburg. I had talked to him on Skype early this morning. I heard a woman's laugh, and it gave me the courage to move from the hall to the living room, where I encountered a man and a woman.

They were sitting close together on the couch, giggling and nudging each other, as they ate hazelnut cake. They were rather sloppy eaters, and crumbs made a path down the front of their clothes, and littered the carpet. They looked up at me and smiled silently, their mouths full.

"What is going on?" I asked. I didn't raise my voice, despite the fact that I felt I needed an answer to the question immediately.

"We heard about the bake sale," the man said at last.

"We heard about your cake," said the

woman simultaneously.

"The bake sale is on Tuesday. In the church basement," I said.

"It's delicious," said the man. "By the way, I'm Trevor, and this is my wife, Nancy."

I took a few steps and glanced into the kitchen, where I noticed two things: the deadbolt on the door to the garden, which was the only other entrance to the house, was still turned and locked; and the counter beside the stove was clear.

I returned to my guests and said, "How did you get in?"

"Oh," said Trevor, and a shadow of a frown crossed his face. "The laundry room window. The thing is, when we broke the handle, we must have left a sharp edge." He set the napkin which held the remains of the hazelnut cake on the coffee table. He stretched his left leg out and pointed to a snag in his pants. "I seem to have damaged my trousers." He and his wife bent over the small tear with great concern. Nancy rubbed his upper arm consolingly.

"I baked four hazelnut cakes," I said. "Don't tell me you ate all of them."

Nancy laughed again. "Oh heavens no. You just missed Ruth and Paul. They



were most impressed.”

Trevor took his wallet out of his pants’ pocket and took out a silver toothpick, with which he delicately sought the remains of the hazelnuts stuck in his teeth.

“So you each ate a whole cake?”

“My goodness, of course we did not!” Trevor said, putting the toothpick in his pocket. “That would be piggish. The twins ate most of it.”

“The twins.”

“Yes, they would still be here, they so wanted to meet you, but Eric had to catch a plane. And you know the twins, where one goes the other follows. They are inseparable.”

“Literally,” said Nancy.

I felt a headache coming on. I went to the cupboard and took out a book. I put it in my bag. Then I went to the front door, opened it, and went outside. I closed the door behind me.

My car was parked at the curb. I went to it and started the engine. As I did so, the dog, who had been rooting around among the snapdragons, galloped like a horse to the car. I leaned over and opened the passenger door, and he jumped in.

We drove away.

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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



A Puppet's Tail: Part 1

...The



rt 6

here and back again



The bus ride home from Daytona Beach was long and i had a lot of time to muse about my summer as a puppeteer at Marco Polo World even as i rode across Highway 80 through areas where I was born and raised, as they say. I would be going back to Dallas where people knew me and I wouldn't always be in that awkward stage of relationships, deciding whether or not to let people in on my personal little jokes with the world. I had made two close friends in Sunday and CT, whom I would miss dearly, yet I knew I would never see them again. Immediacy was my priority in life then as now, to gather in all I see and hear and feel, embrace it in that moment, squeeze it for all it's worth for a glorious second, then move on to embrace the next moment in my life, as I watch in great awe, and wonder. But in this particular present, I pondered my future. I was going back to no job and no savings but I did have my former place to stay and old dear friends.

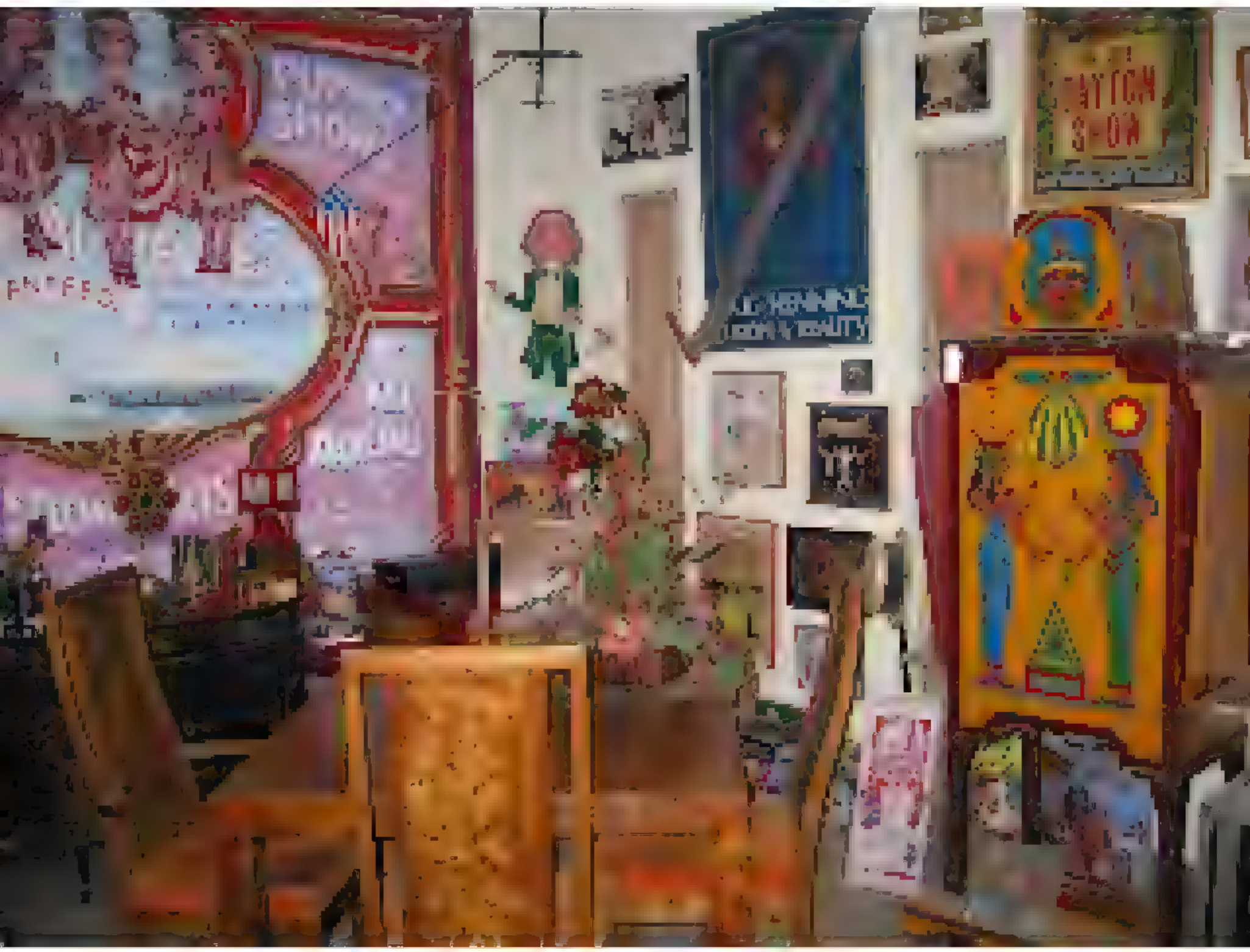
My "Oak Cliff mansion" was a tiny art studio complete with water closet behind a small two-bedroom house located a half block away from where Stevie Ray Vaughan was born at Methodist Hospital, and always easy to find coming home late at night by simply looking for that spinning yellow cross on top, a beacon of light

thru all my hazy evenings. My room had just enough space for a double-bed and a dresser. There was no ceiling per se, rather an arched roof with an exposed beam that also split the room into an open bedroom on one side, and on the other, an entrance way area behind the front door, which was opposite an enclosed area containing the water closet and walk-in closet. I have always loved living in confined spaces with a bit of style and this one fit the mold to a "T." There were octagonal windows on either side of a front door with a stoop and coach lamps on either side of the door, unexpected extras for what amounted to a bedroom mini-house with no place to bathe. My bed faced a large picture window with crank-out windows on the sides with a triangular window above that followed the roof angle, all of which allowed for maximum sunlight as well as ventilation from that wall of glass. Being in "the Cliff," I could look up from my bed late at night and watch the police helicopter fly by with his roaming spotlight, sometimes lighting up my entire bedroom at odd hours. An extra feature was the soft wallboard which dated back to the 1930s, perfect for when I lighted multiple sticks of Gonesh incense and poked them into the creases in the wall such that the tiny room would be dense in aromatic smoke. One night, I discovered a stow-away scurrying along the wall molding

that ran above the closet door and around the corner along the same wall my bed was on. I accidentally solved the problem by inserting a box of wooden matches into the corner hole my new friend had created in the soft wallboard in order to dissuade him from entering. But when I pulled out the matchbox the next day, I found that rat had tried to eat the matches and died in his effort with a bewildered look on his face and about 20 matches stuck in his throat. All things considered, at \$35@mo, I could live with all the charms my studio afforded. I shared the main house with a kitchen,

a bathtub and a living room with two of my best friends. But in a real sense, I was living alone again, a condition I would come to appreciate the older I got.

Paul Osborne, the puppet company owner, chief artist and magician, did not have jobs for us when we arrived back in Dallas, but there was a promise that we would be called as soon as something came up. Our Daytona team gathered at the old puppet house on Fairmount, sitting around the dark antique oak dinner table, soon after our return to discuss what projects were in



the works. Poor Alan, who had been unceremoniously sacked for the disgusting incident in Florida for which he was solely responsible, had not been invited. I was taken aback by Paul's snarky description of Alan's management skills during that meeting, not simply going on at length about his incompetence, but doing so such that it was embarrassing to even watch. At my first opportunity to say something, it wasn't what anyone expected. I know Alan made a huge screw-up in the infamous carpet-mess incident and I got in his face the day it happened and forgot about it the next. But other than that, he did a great job that summer. Plus, I knew at the time of the incident that Alan was driven by the one directive from Paul himself that "Thou shalt not miss a show." We only missed three shows in that whole summer, and in each case, the power went out on the entire Park due to lightning storms, a fairly common occurrence it seemed. My endeavor to state the facts, pro and con, was quickly sneered away as only a man-child could do, but I wasn't criticized for anything other than "losing my cool" over that same incident, one in which even Alan said I handled quite well. But I made more mental notes about the person I said I wanted to work for. It was at this same meeting that I learned that Nicki had been given the assignment the past summer to "report back to Dallas" any odd news

concerning the show, so he was essentially a spy the entire time we were in Florida and reported directly by phone once a week to Hardy, the other chief show designer. Equally odd, the one puppeteer job that was available at present went to Nicki. More interesting facts were added to my list to what seemed to be predictable behaviors from the company owner.



Nicki was given a job where he performed in an old fancy high-rise hotel in downtown Ft Worth, the



composed of three stacked cubes, each with a door and with all the doors open, the assistant could enter and the doors closed. Windows would open on the top and bottom cube so as to show the lady's feet and head and her hand dangled out the side of the box. The center cube was able to slide sideways giving the illusion the lady was being separated into the three boxes. It was these types of magic boxes that Paul would spend the rest of his life designing, building and selling to an elite clientele of professional magicians like David Copperfield.

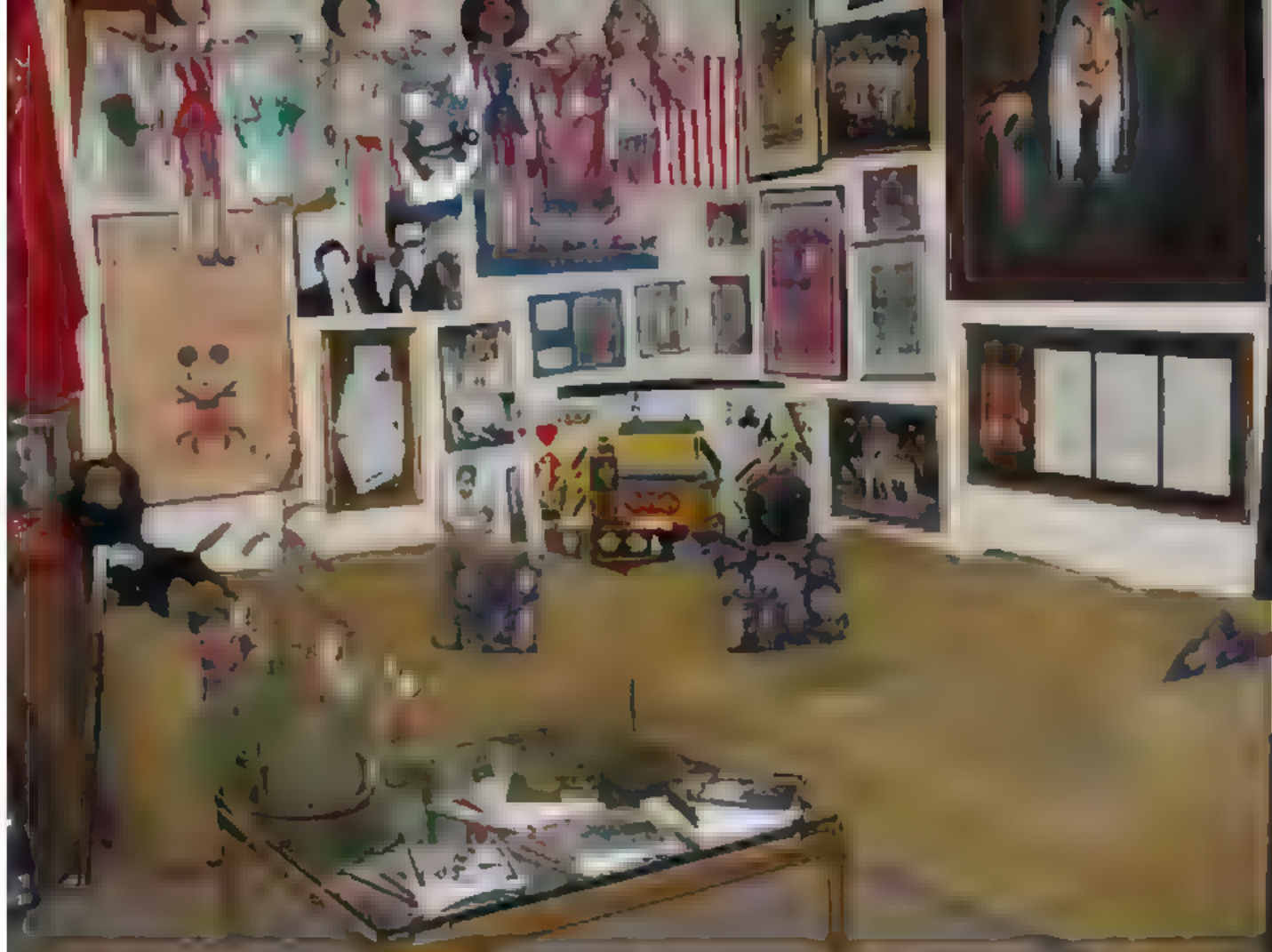
Sheraton - Ft. Worth Hotel, which had a club and lounge in which our puppet company contracted to do a puppet-magic show. Nicki would be in a full body-puppet costume as Merlin, a fat wizard with white beard and pointy hat with a blue satin robe decorated with crescent moons and wielding a magic wand, with the required pretty 'n' young assistant, of course. The production mimicked our show in Florida, using a computer-tape to operate the show with the audio pre-taped on the same tape. The act itself consisted of manipulating one of Paul's magic illusions, this one being one of his "damsel-in-distress" boxes



Nicki invited a group of us to come over to see his act one night with free reservations and free drinks all night. We arrived as a motley crew in an otherwise elegant dining room with a small stage up front. As we sat down well ahead of his scheduled

performance, Nicki was unctuous as he

came out to greet us and make sure the waitress knew our tab was on the house that night. I hadn't been seated for two minutes before two Black Russians presented themselves in large goblets in front of me thanks to some efficient ordering on Nicki's part and reminding me of my three favorite drinks while in Florida, the other two being the Tequila Sunrise and Sunday's Brandy Alexander. Never one to waste free alcohol, i consumed both only to come back from the restroom with two more goblets at my seat. I'd like to say Nicki did a wonderful job with the act that night but, truth be told, I remember very little that happened after the second round of goblets arrived. I sorta remember staggering out to the car after the show that night with much-needed assistance, and my head and stomach and other parts were rumbling ominous tones. Thankfully,



someone else was driving that night and I was allowed to roll the window down and hang my head out in the crisp autumn breeze as we buzzed down the DFW Turnpike at 75 mph heading back to Dallas, normally a thirty minute trip but that night it took an eternity. Let's just say it was a bumpy ride. Few times in my life have I been so intoxicated as to still be sick well into the next afternoon. Nicki might be a sneaky host but he was also a gregarious one, aiding my demise.

To Florida and back again, wallowing in my spare time, wondering what to do next to live, and still scratching my head over what all really happened last summer.....

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The SL Arts and Life Magazine

A collage of images including a green bush, a hot air balloon, and a blue structure.

RoseDrop Rust Live,

I want to live like Jim Morrison and die like Tony Benne
hitchhiker frantic f*ck crooned in subdued orgasm
like vanishing memory of a Parisian lover
in the pointed shade tourist secrets.

Paint it shades of royal blue
on aging used canvas skin
like dusk settles on a graveyard shrine.



and Die

ett,

In all of it, your face swims,
a stingray under a dock of dreams
where seawater fills lungs
and tide becomes the song.

Complex chords ring cosmic chimes.
Let me live like Lennon
and die old in your arms like McCartney.

Dearstuv Writer

Innocence

Innocence always so vulnerable.
Trampled by the evil endeavors
of demonized destruction.

Innocence what protects you...?
Unrecognized in the volume of power ploys..
Tattered and shredded to oblivion.

Angelic innocence... if truly was multiplied.
Sharing kindness and affectionate actions.
War would deteriorate and peace prevail.

I mourn for the losses of innocent souls.
Pray for the peace in countries and hearts.
Hopeful tomorrow holds a future of harmony.

n c e



Breakthrough Reality





I stand in the Hall of 1,000 Mirrors and I step towards one of them. It's a random choice. I take the hammer and smash number 423 into pieces. Then I take one of the broken shards of glass. When I turn the piece, it reflects in a light yellow and universal blue. I hand it over to TT and say, "That is reality. Make the best out of it." - Unknown UUID

Landing on 1709 UKRAINA, I slipped into a potato and followed Violet 1313, one of the youngsters on board. I rezzed in her room where the walls have been covered with posters of Justin Bieber. It shall become the moment in her story, *The Curse of the Teddy Bear*, where I found my name. I added it to my shortcut TT. Violet 1313 was just writing on her novel:

Robin was laughing to himself, but Artemis was literally rolling on the floor, howling with laughter. "I-I put t-tobasco sauce in the tomato s-sauce b-bottle!" Robin laughed as well. Wally didn't bother to chase them, his eyes were red and tears streamed down his face from the hotness of the tobacco sauce, "N-now, that's just MEAN!" – from *The Curse of the Teddy Bear*, by Violet 1313

I am a Time Traveller and I write for *rez Mirror*. I am cool and go for the smart. I am hot, hot as tabasco put in a

ketchup bottle. I did not know at this time that tobasco is a typo that the real spice is called tabasco, but now I have to live with it. A name is a name is a name, right?

I follow the roots of TT 3326, the writer of *The Sand Bible*, but I go beyond. I explore life all over the known universe. Each time I get a little piece and when I head back, I add my findings to the Hall of Mirrors. I am an Alien. This is how I am called. I don't think to be one. Surely not much of a surprise to you. I think I am just the true me. All over in the known universe I suck reality in. Reality is really a scary place. Most species I visit seem to know something, but something to know can be worse than to know nothing. Right now, they tell me of a story how their life on 1709 UKRAINA began and I am all ears. I said, "Please tell me the story in first person. This readers of *rez Mirror* love the most. They want to be in the middle. They want to feel that they are inside the story. That's called being the protagonist." I was lucky they did!

THE HAVE TAKEN ALL FROM US

I stand in the Meta, my feet on the land of Ukraine and say to the alien, "They have taken all from us." The alien points to the stars and says, "Not all. 1709 Ukraina will stay and hold." I did

not understand the alien and of course the alien noticed my struggle and said, “Humans don’t deserve planet Earth. I am kind to you, as you are a victim and so you may live on 1709 Ukraina.”

After a pause, while I was thinking on what the alien meant, the alien added, “The servers will stay and hold in the asteroid belt. I wish you an endless life.” The alien entered some numbers in the time travel machine and was gone.

grandfather.” I am fast. I have a quantum-E processor hidden under my skin, so without delay I went through the history files. “He was German,” I said. “How do you know?” Violet 1313 is asking. Yeah, maybe I shall keep a low profile, as a potato shall not be too smart, right? I said, “I am a potato and such things we know when filled with tobasco.” And I mumble, “t-tobasco tomato s-sauce b-bottle.” She laughed. I dealt with the situation well.

“It's an old map, my grandfather gave me, and he said he got it from his grandfather.” I am fast. I have a quantum-E processor hidden under my skin, so without delay I went through the history files.

I think that is just a fairy tale, but 1709 UKRAINA is real. I am there. I am inside the asteroid and the rock is powered by a VASIMR engine. They tell me they write the year 2157, and Violet 1313 says she is of the 4th generation. Originally, her ancestors are from Lviv. “Lviv?” I said. “That name goes for a dozen habitats in the inner wing of the Andromeda nebula. What's the number?” She said, “It’s on Earth, no number” and shows me a map pointing to a dot named Lemberg, “It's an old map, my grandfather gave me, and he said he got it from his

REZ

You can call yourself lucky that you are safe and sound when reading this story and that you are not there in reality and not being threatened to be put in a bottle. This is the first story that I have published from my travels in a virtual magazine. It is being delivered via a kiosk system all over the eight km long asteroid. It's called *rez Magazine*, but it’s not real. There is no hull, no box around. There are no clamps that prevent it from drifting off by a change in gravity. The pages are

separately manufactured. Each page on a prim. They glue the prims together by some technology they call scripting. A script puts the pages in sequence and holds them tight so you can page through them, but this type of glue does not exist in reality. Scripts are made for virtual, but also they are real. A mystery you might say. I call it a breakthrough beyond reality.

also dots and replacing them can cost a fortune, so mom holds me on short leash. There, in such a pub I was asked how reality and the Meta can be in one body.

I was not sure if I should admit that the solution has been already published long ago by the Cultura. I guess they came quite close to this species I was

Some very reckless ones are driving on something they call a bike. That is a carriage on two wheels and they use their legs to power it by making circular moves, and they sit on it, the bike, during riding.

MEAN

Right after I got my name, I felt the effect from the bottle. I needed a down-cooler. My circuits have been running hot. I could go to a radiator where the heat that the VASIMR produces is distributed to outer space. VASIMR stands for Variable Specific Impulse Magnetoplasma Rocket. Such an engine produces much heat, much too much for a potato. But I had a better idea than to go to a radiator. I went to a pub, which is a place you have to be careful that no arrow hits your eyes when they aim with darts on dots. They call the target a Bristle Board. Not all hit the dots. Some are lousy throwers. You know, eyes are

visiting. I should have given more attention at school. On the other hand, “Why shall I not take the credit?”

The Cultura is a species that enjoys climbing on high mountains without a safety rope, enjoys dancing without legs or feet protection, swims in water not having a lifebuoy in reach, drives cars with really no protection at all, just a balloon with air in it that pops up when a crash happens. Some very reckless ones are driving on something they call a bike. That is a carriage on two wheels and they use their legs to power it by making circular moves, and they sit on it, the bike, during riding. They call the sitting spot a saddle which they press with their bum

cheeks so to avoid falling from the bike. They face cars, in fact they fight with them on the same road, and this all without wearing a helmet. Can you believe that this Cultura managed the Meta before they became extinct?

I told them in the pub that they had a hard hull, a shell an oyster would be proud to have and that's where their reality had been running. On their shell they had tentacles and that's from where they threw arrows in the pub. There must be cables between the hull and the tentacles because they often hang down and this does not look good. That must be the reason that this species ordered drinks and then stood around holding them. "Cheers," they said to each other. The hull is not covering it all, it's not closed like a football. When saying "Cheers," an input spot opened where they feed reality.

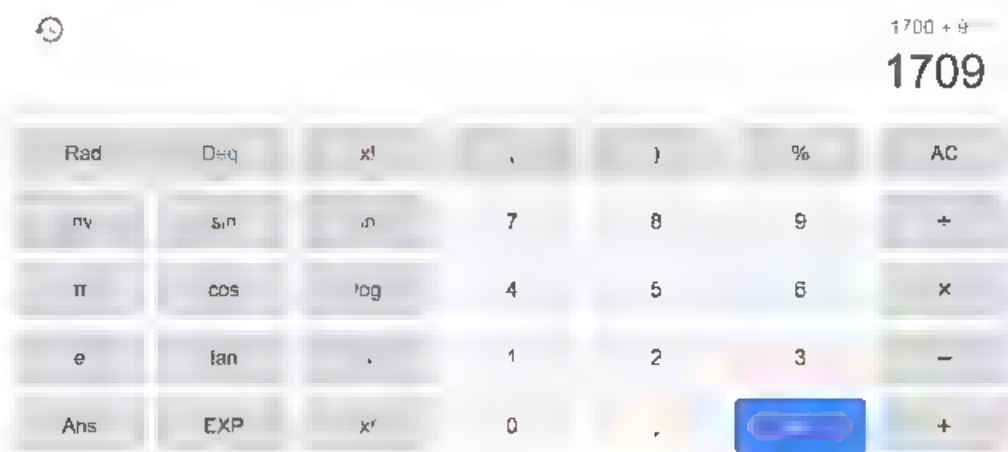
One inhabitant, Melchior 2345, said, "This sounds like a description of our ancestors. They called their tentacles 'arms' and the upper hull a 'head'." As the discussion was ongoing, he added, "They had a hole they called a 'mouth.'" But Melchior 2345 was not sure if this was their primary reality feeder. He said, "They bite into it." I looked at him pointing to a sculpture he told me some days ago that this is an apple, but I saw only a texture, coloured in the colours of a rainbow.

Now I know it is a sculpted map, an artefact of a long-gone era where 3-dimensions have been coded on a flat surface by using colours. I must have looked stupid staring at the apple. I asked, "What?" He said, "I guess, it was reality."

TT

You read it in my introduction where I told you that Violet 1313 tells a story where they have a spot to put the t-tobasco sauce in. To describe this reality would require more details but I guess it fits you well to give you just a glimpse. I snuck deeper into such old stories just to make you understand how crazy this world is I am in now.

Google



This hull, else it would not be called a hull, has inside the Meta. There they do the hyperspeed, the hyperjumps, the quantum calculations like 1700 plus 9. They do such things inside their hull and they do it without a computer! You ask, as you can't believe it. "Really? They don't have a computer at all?"



How did they travel from one village to the next? Did they have drawings for every route that might occur? How did they write a letter without a spelling checker? How did they make their way in the supermarket when they have to cross shelves? How did they program their washing machine? Indeed, they didn't need such external tools. They had it all in the Meta.

There is a link between the hull and the Meta. What makes them superior is their ability to communicate between reality and the Meta not only on a daily basis like you do with the computer or notebook, they do it permanently. From time to time the channels needed a cleaning. Surely an effect from the overload, when you switch from reality to the Meta and back and you have only cables. You can't differ between reality and the Meta if you have no quantum processor in your hull. The simulation is no longer flawless. Some, but sadly not all of them, would get an

insight and say, "I have to set up an appointment with my therapist." Then you had to nod in understanding or take the one to the pub; however, be aware of the arrows. It will be on you to be the therapist. But I can't recommend this for everyone. Some are affected by hybrid warfare. When I heard that Kaspersky Lab may no longer be safe to use, I took a sip from my cider, that's therapeutic drug that is served in a pub, and when feeling the effect, I recommended a cleaning and said, "They need a reset."

MEAN

After I spoke of a reset, I needed to rush out of the pub. They all threw arrows after me. "Hit the potato!" they shouted. "That's MEAN. N-now, that's just MEAN!"

I need my computer to understand this all. How could the story I heard when I arrived become an echo? They lost Earth, that was their reality. I can't believe why they are angry at me. They made Meta into their reality. They lived endlessly. I am a time traveller and mean no harm. I put some spicy numbers in my panel to head home. I need to report the story, The Curse of the Teddy Bear. That's mean. "I-I put t-tobasco sauce in the tomato s-sauce b-bottle!" My throat is burning.

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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



Give Up on Your D

By Jullianna Juliesse



Dreams

I will never finish Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*
or the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, uninterrupted.
I did read *Moby Dick* in its entirety, but it took three tries.

The tapestry I began in 1996 is stuffed in a bag,
incomplete vines and pink flowers, the thread knotted clumps,
yellowed linen awaiting completion.

There will always be laundry in the hamper,
dust bunnies cowered behind the sofa, under the bed.
My 500 books still need to be alphabetized.

I used to think I wanted to be successful,
until I realized I was a better lieutenant than a captain.
I sold my silver because I was bored of polishing.

The sweetest moment is right before sleep--
when my mind goes quiet and poems are born from seafoam,
blown from the west, then sinking to the depths of morning.

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